BACONIANA.

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FRANCIS BACON'S "ANTITHESES OF THINGS."

BACON, in speaking of the collections which belong to the *Promptuary* or *Preparatory Store* of Appendices to Rhetoric, mentions, as the second collection, such an one as "that to which Cicero alludes, where he recommends the orator to have commonplaces at hand, in which the question is argued and handled on either side: such as "for the *letter* of the law," "for the *intention* of the law," &c. But I extend this precept to other cases; applying it not only to the judicial kind of oratory, but also to the deliberative and demonstrative. I would, in short, have all topics which there is frequent occasion to handle (whether they relate to proofs and refutations, or to persuasions and dissuasions, or to praise and blame) studied and prepared beforehand; and not only so, but the case exaggerated both ways with the utmost force of the wit, and urged unfairly, as it were, and quite beyond the truth. And the best way of making such a collection with a view to use as well as brevity, would be to contract those commonplaces into certain acute and concise sentences; to be as skeins or bottoms of thread, which may be unwinded at large when they are wanted. Some such piece of diligence I find in Seneca, but merely in hypotheses or cases. A few instances of the thing, having a great many by me, I think fit to propound by way of example. I call them "*Antitheses of Things.*"

The examples given are under forty-seven headings, and include 319 aphorisms or concise sentences. Few as they are, these antitheses are extremely interesting, not only for themselves but from the manner in which they are found to reappear in other places. They at once knock on the head a silly argument (which has often

been based upon isolated sayings in the plays or other works attributed to Bacon) that "such a sentiment speaks very badly for the character of the author"—making his character to depend upon speeches put into the mouths of others. We see the great debater "studying and preparing beforehand commonplaces, arguing and handling all ordinary topics, and with all the latitude and exaggeration of which such arguments are capable." No wonder that this brain, "cut with many facets," became brilliant on all sides alike, and that tolerance of all kinds of opinions and phases of thought, so long as they were honest and genuine, became habitual as well as part of his method.

But seeing that in these "few" examples he has been at the pains to write out three hundred and nineteen extracts, we are tempted to ask where is the rest of the collection of which he had *a great many by him?* This collection of acute and concise sentences would be far too precious to be lost or destroyed. Were they then distributed throughout his other (unacknowledged) works? or, were they printed in some separate volume under the name of some other "author"?

INQUIRER.

FRANCIS BACON'S DEBTS TO HORACE.

PART II.

PIGMIES—GIANTS.

"PIGMIES (though we be) we giant themes essay."
—*Ode I.* iii. 9; *Promus*, 332.

"What a pretty thing man is, when he goes in his doublet and hose, and leaves off his wit! He is then *a giant to an ape;* but then is *an ape a doc'or to such a man.*"—*M. Ado.* v. 1.

"And we *fools* of nature
So horridly to shake our disposition,
With *thoughts beyond the reaches of our souls.*"—*Ham.* i. 4.

"There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio,
Than are dreamt of in your philosophy."—*Ham.* i. 5.

"What should such fellows as I do, crawling between heaven and earth?"—*Ham.* iii. 2.

"Now does he feel his title hang loose upon him like *a giant's* robe upon *a dwarfish thief*."—*Macb.* v. 1.

"In such indexes . . . there is seen
The *baby figure of the giant mass*
Of things, to come at large."—*Tr. Cr.* i. 3.

Bacon speaks (*De Aug.* vii. 2) of "that *gigantean state of mind* which possesses the troublers of the world."

MAN BLAMELESS.

"The man of faultless life, and clear from crime, . . . *needs* not *the Moorish spear, nor bow, nor quiver*, with its shafts, wherever he chooses to make his way . . . *unarmed* (he is safe)."—*Ode I.* xxii. 1.

"*What stronger breastplate than a heart untainted?*
Thrice is he arm'd that hath his quarrel just;
And he but naked, though *lock'd up in steel*,
Whose conscience with injustice is corrupted."—2 *Hen. VI.* iii. 2.

"The trust I have is in my innocence,
And therefore am I bold and resolute."—*Ib.* iv. 5.

"Virtue is bold, and goodness never fearful."—*M. M.* iii. 1.

HAPPINESS NEVER PERFECT.

"A man that views with joy its present lot, will shrink from caring for what lies beyond, and will *soften with a smile the bitters of life;* nought there is which is in all particulars blessed."—*Ode II.* xvi. 27.

"Let me play the fool:
With mirth and laughter let old wrinkles come;
And let my liver rather heat with wine,
Than my heart cool with mortifying groans."—*Mer. Ven.* i. 1.

"*Happy in that we are not over happy,*
On fortune's cap we are not the very button."—*Ham.* ii. 2.

HIGH PLACE DANGEROUS.

"The *mighty pine* is oftenest tossed by winds, and lofty towers fall with heaviest crash, and lightenings strike the mountain's topmost peak."—*Ode II.* x. 9.

"*Thus droops this lofty pine*, and hangs his sprays;
Thus Eleanor's pride dies in her youngest days."—2 *Hen. VI.* ii. 3.

"*They that stand high have many blasts to shake them*;
And if they fall they dash themselves to pieces."—*R. III.* i. 3.

"*Unruly wind*, which for enlargement striving, . . . *topples down steeples and moss-grown towers*."—1 *Hen. IV.* iii. 1.

"The hearts . . . that spaniel'd me at heels
. . . . . do melt their sweets
On blossoming Cæsar; and *this pine is bark'd*
That over-topped them all."—*Ant. Cl.* iv. 4.

"*The strong-based promontory*
Have I made shake; and by the spurs pluck'd up
The pine and cedar," &c.—*Tempest* v. 1.

"As rough (their royal blood enchaf'd) as *the rud'st wind*,
That by the top doth take *the mountain pine*, and make him stoop."
—*Cymb.* iv. 2.

A MAN UNMOVED BY PASSION.

"*The man that is upright and fixed in his design, not the passion* of citizens commanding wrongful acts, not the glance of the imperious tyrant *can shake* his firm resolve."—*Odes III.* iii. 1.

". . . . . Give me *that man*
That is not passion's slave, and I will wear him
In my heart's core, . . . as I do thee."—See *Ham.* iii. 2, 62—74.

"Is this the nature
Whom passion could not shake? Whose solid virtue
The shot of accident nor dart of chance
Could neither graze nor pierce?"—*Oth.* iv. 2.

THE FLEETING YEARS GLIDE AWAY AND BRING WRINKLES.

"Alas, the fleeting years, my Postumous, . . . the fleeting years glide away, and piety will never bring a check to wrinkles."

"Never-resting time leads summer on."—*Sonnet* v.

"The world, 'tis but a gaudy shadow that Old Time, as he passes by, takes with him."—*Tw. N. Kinsmen* ii. 2 (and compare in the *Promus* references to similar extract from *Virg. Georg.* iii. 284).

"With mirth and laughter let old wrinkles come."—*Mer. Ven.* i. 1.

"Thou canst help time to furrow me with age,
But *stop no wrinkle* in his pilgrimage."—See *R. II.* i. 3, 225—230.

Death Pursues Him Who Flies.

"*Death pursues* even the man who flies from him, nor spares the loins and coward back of the unwarlike youth."—*Ode III.* ii. 13; *Promus* 79.

"Away! for *death doth hold us in pursuit*," &c.—*See* 3 *Hen. VI.* ii. 5, 125—136.

"I fly not death; to fly his deadly doom."—*Tw. G. Ver.* iii. 1.

"Death and danger dog the heels of worth."—*A. W.* iii. 4.

Death Common to All.

"One night awaits all, and the path of death, once to be trodden by all . . . the corpses of old and young are blended and crowded together, and ruthless Proserpine never passed one life."—*Ode I.* xxviii. 15.

"You are doomed to die, whether you have lived in sorrow all your life, or if lying in some grassy nook you enjoyed life's holidays with a well-filled cask of Falernian. . . . Whether rich or of the poorest and lowliest birth you (are) the victim of Orcus, who is ruthless."—*Ode II.* iii. 25, &c.

> "Golden lads and girls all must,
> Like chimney-sweepers, turn to dust. . . .
> The sceptre, learning, physic, must
> All follow this and turn to dust. . . .
> All lovers young, all lovers must
> Consign to thee, and come to dust."—*Cymb.* iv. 3.

> "Thou know'st 'tis common, all that lives must die,
> Passing through nature to eternity," &c.—*Ham.* i. 2.

Death. Nothing Can Stay Its Advance.

"'Twill be all in vain that we live safe from gory war. . . . Go we must. . . . Land, mansion, *gentle wife, must all be left.* . . . Not one will follow you, their short-lived Lord."—*Hor. Ode III.* ii. 14.

"The worst is death, and death will have his day."—*R. II.* iii. 2.

"Mercy on us! We split, we split! Farewell, *my wife and children! Farewell, brother!* We split, we split."—*Temp.* i. 1.

Death for the Sake of One's Country.

"It is sweet and becoming to die for one's country."—*Ode III.* ii. 13.

"To die for fatherland is sweet and seemly."—*Ode III.* ii. 14 (quoted *Promus* 78).

"The best of all auguries is to defend one's native country."—*Promus* 39.

"I'll lend myself to prison willingly,
Or unto death, to do my country good."—*2 Hen. VI.* ii. 5.

"Had I a dozen sons, each in their love alike,
I had rather have eleven die nobly for their country."—*Cor.* i. 3.

"If any think brave death outweighs bad life,
And that his country's dearer than himself,
Let him alone."—*Cor.* i. 6.

"If in your country's wars you chance to die,
That is my bed, too, lads, there will I die."—*Cymb.* iv. 4.

Gold Corrupts.

"Gold loves to travel through the midst of guards, and to burst through rocks with greater power than the shock of the thunderbolt; . . . cleaves the gates of cities; . . . undermines by presents; . . . presents ensnare."—*Ode III.* xvi. 9.

"If money go before, all ways lie open."—*Mer. Wives* ii. 2.

"The strongest castle, tower, or town,
The golden bullet beats it down."—*Pass. Pilgr.* 16.

"'Tis gold
Which buys admittance. . . .
Can it not do and undo?"—*Cymb.* ii. 3.

Poor, Rich.

"Amid great riches unenriched. . . . By narrowing my desire I shall better extend my tiny revenues than . . . if I were to unite the realm of the Alyattes. They who crave much want much," &c.—*Ode III.* xvi. 23, 42.

"Plenty made me poor."—*Promus* 354.

"Those that much covet are with gain so fond
That what they have not, that which they possess,
They scatter and unloose it from their bond,

And so by hoping more, they have but less,
Or gaining more, the profit of excess
Is but to surfeit, and such griefs sustain
That they prove bankrupt in this poor, rich gain."
—See *Oth.* iii. 3, 173, and *M. M.* iii. 1, 21—23.

"But poorly rich so wanteth in his store,
That, cloyed with much, he pineth still for more."
—*Lucrece* 20 and 96.

"Full oft 'tis seen
Our wants secure us, and our mere defects
Prove our commodities."—*Lear* i. 1.

GOLD THE CHIEF ILL. MONEY A DRUDGE.

"Gold then better placed when earth conceals it still, than by forcing it to serve the uses of men, with a hand that plunders everything sacred."—*Ib.* iii. 3.

"Let us send *into the nearest sea* the gems and pearls and vile gold, the substance of our chiefest ill."—*Ode III.* xxiv. 48.

"(Timon digging.) What is here? Gold? Yellow, glittering, precious gold? No, gods, I am no idle votarist. . . . Why this will buy your priests and servants from your sides, . . . this yellow slave will knit and break religions," &c.—See *Tim. Ath.* iv. 3, 24—42.

"Ornament is but the guiled shore to a most dangerous sea. . . . Therefore, thou gaudy gold, . . . I will none of thee; nor none of thee, thou pale and common drudge 'tween man and man."—*Of Silver: Mer. Ven.* iii. 2.

"Therefore thou best of gold art worst of gold."—2 *Hen. IV.* iv. 4.

"Into *the tumbling billows of the deep* . . . methought I saw . . . wedges of gold, . . . heaps of pearl, inestimable stones, unvalued jewels, . . . reflecting gems that wooed the slimy bottom of the deep."—*R. III.* i. 4.

FUTURITY HIDDEN.

"God in His providence shrouds in the darkness of night the issues of future time, and smiles if a mortal flutter to pierce farther than he may."—*Ode III.* xxix. 21.

"Oh, if this were seen,
The happiest youth—viewing his progress through,
What perils past, what crosses to ensue—
Would shut the book, and sit him down and die."
2 *Hen. IV.* iii. 1.

Fortune, Fickle and Furious.

"Fortune delighting in her cruel work, and perversely bent on playing her capricious game, shifts to and fro her unstable honours, kind now to me and now to another. I praise her while she stays."—*Ode III.* xxix. 49.

"Cruel fate and giddy fortune's furious fickle wheel,
That goddess blind,
That stands upon the rolling restless stone.

"Fortune is painted blind. . . . She is painted also with a wheel, to signify to you . . . that she is turning, and inconstant, and mutability, and variation, &c. . . . In good truth the poet makes a most excellent description of it," &c.—*Hen. V.* iii. 6.

Virtue Fearless.

"*The man of faultless life*, and clear from crime, my Fuscus, needs not the Moorish javelins, nor bow, nor quiver, with its brood of poisoned shafts."—*Ode I.* xxii.

"Be this our wall of brass: to feel no guilt within, no fault to turn us pale."—*Epist. I.* i. 60.

"And look thyself be faultless, thou wert best."—2 *Hen. VI.* ii. 1.

"What stronger breastplate than a heart untainted?
Thrice is he arm'd, that hath his quarrel just;
And he but naked, though lock'd up in steel,
Whose conscience with injustice is corrupted."
—2 *Hen. VI.* iii. 2.

"Fling away ambition. . . .
Love thyself last: cherish those hearts that hate thee. . . .
Corruption wins not more than honesty.
. . . Be just and *fear not*."—*Hen. VIII.* iii. 2.

Kings: Their Follies or Troubles Shared by their Subjects.

"Whatever folly the kings commit, the Achæans suffer for it."—*Epist. I.* i. 2.

"Never alone did the king sigh, but with a general groan."—*Ham.* iii. 3.

BEGINNING—ENDING.

"He who begins possesses half the act; dare to be wise, begin."—*Epist. I.* ii. 40.

"The beginning is the half of the whole."—*Promus* 979.

"Well begun, half done."—*Advt. L.* vi 3.

"*Principium qui bene cœpit.*"—*Col. of Good and Evil.*

"My lord, 'tis well begun, . . . would 'twere well done."—*Tam. Sh.* i. 2.

"We will proceed no further in this business. . . . Art thou afeared to be the same in . . . act . . . as in desire? Would'st thou have that which thou esteem'st . . . and live a coward, . . . letting I dare not wait upon I would?"—*Macb.* i. 7.

"Things bad begun make strong themselves by ill."—*Macb.* iii. 3.

"I have done my work ill, friends: O! make an end of what I have begun."—*Ant. Cl.* iv. 12, and see *Cor.* ii. 3, 121.

"Refrain to-night,
And that will lend a stamp of easiness
To the next abstinence: the next easy."—*Ham.* iii. 4.

Comp.: "Of a good beginning comes a good ending."—*Promus* 950.

COMPANIONS AND FRIENDS LINKED, AND ALIKE.

"That among trusty friends . . . *like may be linked with like.*"—*Epist. I.* v. 25.

"The conjunction of our inward souls . . . coupled and linked together."—*John* iii. 1.

"If with so fair a lady . . . he be *linked in love.*"—1 *Hen. VI.* v. 5.

"They are so *linked in friendship.*"—3 *Hen. VI.* iv. 1.

"People whose *love is never linked to the deserver.*"—*Ant. Cl.* i. 2.

"*Join like likes*, and kiss like native things."—*Alls W.* i. 1.

[Bacon speaks of men who "*link and combine*," or are "*linked*" in affection to the country, the Church, &c.; and of *links and chains of alliance*, natural causes, &c.]—See of congeniality of tastes, and sympathy in pursuits amongst true friends: *Hor. Epist. I.* x. 30,

xviii. 3; and *Mer. Ven.* iii. 4, 10—21; *Mid. N. D.* iii. 2, 200—216; *Oth.* ii. 1, 31—38; *Cor.* iv. 4, 12—20, &c.

ABUSE OF GOOD THINGS.

"Let the wise man receive the name of the fool, the just of the unjust, if he follow after virtue herself farther than is sufficient."—*Ep. I.* vi. 15.

"Virtue itself turns vice being misapplied,
And vice sometimes by action's dignified."—*Rom. Jul.* ii. 3.

"And folly doctor-like, controlling skill," &c.—*Sonnet* lxvi.

See of *Hamlet* going to extremes in pursuit of what he thinks right, and being accounted mad in consequence (i. 4, 87, 5, 169—175; ii. 2, 92—95; iv. 1, 7).

ULCERS UNHEALED.

"It is the false shame of fools that tries *to conceal ulcers which are unhealed.*"—*Epist. I.* xvi. 24.

"The launching (*lancing*) of y^e^ *Imposthume* by him that intended murder."—*Promus* 1302.

"Lay not that flattering unction to your soul. . . .
It will but skin and film the ulcerous place;
Whilst rank corruption mining all within,
Infects unseen."—*Ham.* iii. 4.

"This "*should*" is like a spendthrift sigh
That *hurts by easing.* But, to the quick o' the ulcer."
—*Ham.* iv. 7.

"This is the *imposthume* of much wealth and peace
That *inward breaks*, and shows no cause without
Why the man dies."—*Ham.* iv. 4.

"Fell sorrow's tooth doth never rankle more
Than when it bites, and *lanceth not the sore.*"—*Rich. III.* i. 3.

"To give moderate liberty to griefs . . . is a safe way, for he that *turneth the humours back, and maketh the wound bleed inwardly engendereth malign ulcers* and pernicious imposthumations."—*Ess. of Sedition.*

SAINT, SINNER.

"Grant though a sinner that a saint I seem."—*Ep. I.* xvi. 61 and *Promus* 452.

"Apparel *vice like virtue's* harbinger,
Bear a fair presence though your heart be tainted.
Teach sin the carriage of an holy saint."—*Com. Er.* iii. 2.

"And thus I clothe my native villany . . .
And *seem a saint when most I play the devil.*"—*R. III.* i. 3.

"With a virtuous vizor to hide deep vice."—*R. III.* ii. 2.

"He daubed his vice with show of virtue."—*R. III.* iii. 5.

"This outward-sainted deputy . . . is yet a devil."—*M. M.* iii. 1.

See to precisely the same effect: *M. Ado* iv. 1; *Ham.* i. 5, iii. 1; *Oth.* ii. 3, 348; *Macb.* i. 7, 81, 82, iv. 3, 21—23; *Lucrece* 85.

ASPIRING, YET CONTENT.

"Aspiring, yet content with present fate."—*Ep. I.* xvii. 24; *Promus* 333.

"Heaven . . . to whose high will we bound our calm contents."—*R. II.* v. 2.

"Si fortune me tormente, sperato me contente."
("*If fortune torments me, hoping contents me.*"—2 *Hen. IV.* ii. 4.)

"He that has a little tiny wit,
Must *make content with his fortunes fit.*"—*Lear* iii. 2, song.

"Naught's had, all's spent
Where our desire is got without content."—*Macb.* iii. 2.

SATIRE AND BITING WIT.

"That man delights in satires written in the style of *Bion*, and with *biting wit or sarcasm.*"—*Ep. II.* ii. 60; *Promus* 457.

"*Biron* is like an envious sneaping frost
That *bites* the firstborn infants of the Spring."—*L. l. l.* i. 1.

"Hiding his *bitter jests* in blunt behaviour,
And to be noted for a merry man."—*Tam. Sh.* iii. 2.

"*Pet.* Since you have begun, have at you for a *bitter jest* or two.
Bap. Confess, confess, hath he not hit you here?

Pet. 'A has a little galled me, I confess."—*Tam. Sh.* v. 2.

"Thy wit is as quick as the greyhound's mouth, it catches. . . . Thou hast frighted the right word out of his sense so forcible is thy wit. . . . A college of wit-crackers cannot flout me out of my humour. Dost thou think I care for a satire or an epigram?"—*M. Ado* v. 2, 11, &c., 4, 102, &c.; *Comp. M. N. D.* v. 1, 54; *Rom. Jul.* ii. 11; *Tim. Ath.* v. 1, 34—44.

[*Note the latent quibbles between* BITER *and* BITTER *in the above passages.*]

Let no man conceive that the examples given profess to exhaust the inquiry; such is not their object. They are designed simply to arouse general attention to facts too long lying dormant. We say *general* attention, because it is inconceivable that amongst the numberless *Shakespeare* students none should be reckoned with whom Horace is a favourite and an intimate companion. It would be even less credible that none besides ourselves should have observed the many resemblances in thought and expression which are conspicuous between the poems of the Roman and the dramas of the English poet. Dr. Farmer, whose "*Essay on the Learning of Shakespeare*" ran through several editions in the eighteenth century, delighted, and still delights, the hearts (rather than the minds) of genuine "Shakeperians," by the easy manner in which he undertakes to explain away all difficulties in connection with this theme. The disputed passages are either "suspected imitations," or from "translations," or "they afford a pleasant proof of the learning of the times"; or else, "if Shakespeare had not read the classics, neither had he stolen from them, for" (quoting Fuller) "his learning was very little. Nature was all the art used upon him, as he, if he were alive, would confess."

But see the force of prejudice, or rather of prepossessions and foregone conclusions. On examining Dr. Farmer's evidence, we find that he completely avoids comparison between *Shakespeare* and any classical writers whose works which were *untranslated* in the sixteenth or seventeenth centuries, and *Horace was one of these.*

Since the first half of this paper was printed many more allusions have been noted. For instance, a line (*Sat. II.* iii. 13) twice entered in the *Promus*, Nos. 34 and 466: "Are you setting about to appease envy by abandoning virtue?" which in the second instance is rendered as an affirmation: "*He sets about appeasing*," &c. The thought is finely introduced in *Coriolanus* iii. 2, where the harassed and impetuous general asks his mother:—

> "*Cor.* Why do you wish me milder? *Would you have me*
> *False to my nature?* Rather say I play
> The man I am," &c.

In this case it is rather the whole tone of the scene than the actual

words which strike us. Volumnia expresses that she does not wish him to so appease envy, but that she does desire him to conciliate his enemies. Again, in *Sat. II.* i. 27, of the difference of tastes and pleasures amongst men, we seem to recognise the *Sonnet* xci. beginning:—

> "Some glory in their birth, some in their skill,
> Some in their wealth, some in their body's force,
> Some in their garments though new fangled still,
> Some in their hawks, some in their horse," &c.

And a somewhat corresponding passage in the *Merchant of Venice* iii. 5: "But say it is my humour. . . . Some men there are love not a gaping pig, some that are mad if they behold a cat," &c.

In the *Odes*, also, we read of worthy sons from noble sires (iv. 4), and of how want of culture and morality disfigure well-bred minds. Elsewhere (*Ode* x. 5, book 2) we have set before us the golden mean, and the advantages of a simple life over that of courts or palaces, all of which may be traced into the plays. In *Ode I.* iv. 16, we have the line which is found in the *Promus*, No. 456: "Of the shades or ghosts of departed spirits;" and we cannot but recall the many "pale," "horrid," "gliding," "unlaid," "shrieking and squealing," "wandering," "walking," "gazing," and "honest," "vexed," or "damned" ghosts who figure in the pages of "*Shakespeare*."

Again, in *Epist. I.* vi. 37, shows how ugliness with riches may be found handsome, as saith Anne Page (*Mer. Wiv.* iii. 4):—

> "O! what a world of vile ill-favoured faults
> Looks handsome on three hundred pounds a year!"

And *Timon of Athens* (iv. 3) exclaims, "Gold? Yellow, glittering, precious, gold? Thus much of this will make black white, fair foul," &c. In *Epist. I.* x., the love of country in preference to town life is set forth, and should be compared with such utterances as those of the exiled Iden (2 *Hen. VI.* iv. 10), beginning,

> "Lord! who would live turmoiled in the court,
> And may enjoy such quiet walks as these," &c.

Or the better known speech of the duke, to the same effect in *As Y. L.* (ii. 1, 1, 2).

But enough; each reader may find something new, and may con-

sent with the present writer that it is next to impossible that such analogies should exist without having hitherto been observed. Why, then, have they not been scientifically worked out, recorded, and presented to the *Shakespeare*-loving public? Is it merely because those who have perceived them are fully aware of the evidence which they afford, that there was in the author of the *Shake peare* plays an intimate knowledge, a familiarity with the inner mind of Horace, inconceivable in the butcher's apprentice, who "knew little Latin and less Greek"? Have such critics and commentators been afraid to let it be known or breathed that *Shakespeare* borrowed from Horace? Or is there perchance a more occult reason for this concealment which they "*cannot tell*"?

CH. CH.

NUMBER ELEVEN.

AT a time when many keen and ingenious minds are at work upon old ciphers and their modern adaptations, when, likewise, efforts are persistently directed to cripple such studies by bringing them into contempt, it is proper that no particle of well-ascertained evidence on either side should be slighted or lost sight of; every *jot* and *tittle* should be as carefully noted as if our study were of Hebrew characters. Such an exercise of the faculty of observation will be found of incalculable value in pursuits which it is the object of this publication to encourage or assist. Bacon says of the importance of minute observation: "*He who makes not distinction in small things, makes error in great ones*," and never was this axiom better illustrated than by the minute points which must be observed and noted if we would unravel the thread of even the simplest Baconian ciphers.

To one point in particular we would direct the sharp eyes of our younger readers, for this point, small as it is, will, when attained, guide them forward to the goal with quickened perceptions and with confirmed assurance of ultimate success. Let us open any book printed in the "Elizabethan period, and turn first to page 11,* then

* Page 10 should also be noticed, but for the sake of simplicity, we prefer at first to focus attention upon number 11.

VARIATIONS IN NUMBER 11

(1) Size 11 (2) Type 111 (3) Thickness 111 (4) Level 1 1 11
(5) Straightness 11 11 (6) Dots 11 11 11 11 11 (7) Lines 11 11 11 11
(8) Mixed 11 11 11 111 111 11

Shakespeare.

Comedies.

1 10 11 100 101 116 118 119 &c.

Histories.

1 10 11 12 100 101 131 141 151 161 211 &c.

Tragedies.

1 10 11 110 111 112 113 114 115 &c.

Gustavi Seleni Cryptographiæ 1623.

(1) 11 100 101 110 111 112 116 &c.

De Augmentis 1623 o.s.

10 11 100 101 102 110 111 112 113
114 116 117 118 119 211 311 411 &c.

Della Novissima Iconologia (Cæsare Ripa) 1625 N.S.

10 11 100 101 110 111 116 117 118
119 211 311 401 411 511 611 &c

History of England [Sam. Daniel]

10 11

Microcosmus [Peter Heylin] 1631.

10 11 100 101 102 311 511 610 611
&c --

Cheap and Good Husba

10 11 11 100 101
114 115 &c

Country Contentments G.M. 1631.

10 11 110 111 112

The English Housewife.

10 11 101 101 11

Markhams Farewell to Husbandry.

10 11 101 102 110

The best way to make an orchard.

10 11 100 111 112
116 118 119 &c

The Returning Backslide

11 110 111 119 211
414 510 511 &c

Instauratio Mag

10 11 10 11 100 101
210 211 310 311

Advancement of

10 11 100 101 102 110 11

Ecclesiastical

10 11 100 101 110 11

Enquiries into vulgar

10 11 110 111 112 113
311 401

ndry [G Markham 6th Ed^n]
10² 110 111 112 113

113 &c

0 111 112 210 213 &c

111 112 116

113 114 115 116

[D: Sibbs] 1631.
212 213 410 411

ha 1640.
110 111 112 113 119

earning. 1640.
112 113 116 131 211

Polity [Hooker]
112 113 114 115 115 &c

Errors [Thos Browne] 1658.
16 117 208 212 310

Mercury or the Secret and Swift Messenger [Anon 1641.]
10 11 100 101 110 111 This book ends 168 169. 180.

Satans Fiery Darts Quenched 1647.
10 17 310 111 200 201 210 211 300 301 310

Arcadia 1662
10 11 100 101 104 105 109 110 111 112
113 114 115 116 117 118 119 210 211 310 311
312 313 410 411 412 510 511 610 611

Anatomy of Melancholy 1676.
10 11 12 100 101 102 103 110 111 112 113
114 115 210 211 212 300 301 302 303
310 311 312 400 401 410 411 414

Treatise of Bodies [Sir K Digby]
Part 1. 10 11 12 13 100 101 110 111 113 114 115 116
118 121 310 311 411 &c.
Part 2. 10 11 101 111 113 112 113 114 115 116 117.
118 119 121
Powder of Sympathy. 150 151 152 161 181 191 &c
Discourse of Plants. 210 211.

The Young Secretary's Guide [Anon] 1st Edition 1691
10 11 12 100 101 110 111 112 113 114 115 116 117

Preston on Masonry 1796
101 100 101 110 111 112 113 114 115 116 117

to every other page where two or more *ones* come together, as in 101, 111, 121, 211, &c. We shall seldom fail to find on examining those figures, that they are curiously irregular, and that *the irregularities are regular*, not the results of bad printing, carelessness, or chance, but of method and design.

Our plate shows the seven ordinary means by which such diversities are produced: (1) Difference in size of the figures; (2) in their thickness or blackness; (3) in type; (4) in level; (5) in straightness or inclination; (6) by the addition of dots; (7) ditto of lines. Further, almost infinite variations are made by the combination of some or all of these arrangements.

There is a tendency in the ordinary modern mind to doubt, disparage, and minimise the value of new or strange discoveries; a certain conceit which rebels at the notion that there can be matters daily before men's eyes but of which nevertheless they are ignorant. In the present instance, where the matter is capable of immediate examination and proof, such prejudices should not be allowed to prevail. We must remember that when cipher work was first discerned in the Shakespeare plays, it was assumed to be constructed upon exclusively mathematical principles; and when the mathematical exactness was found to fail, the whole cipher theory was pronounced to be likewise a failure. But far from this, large crops of promising shoots are coming up in various parts of the world, in consequence of the seed originally sown on stony ground by Mr. Donnelly. His labours drew attention to a great anonymous book of ciphers published in 1623, coincident therefore with Bacon's *De Augmentis*, wherein he advocates the use of ciphers, and with the *Shakespeare* folio, both of which books are now declared to be full of cipher writing.

The cipher book, entitled, "*Gustavi Seleni Cryptographiæ*," contains one hundred systems of cryptography or secret writing, each capable of innumerable varities and modifications. Present cryptographers believe that they have discovered traces of eighteen or twenty of these ciphers in Baconian books, and some of them depend upon *typographical* peculiarities of which some instances are given in our plate. Such researches are primarily due to the ingenuity and perseverance of Mr. Donnelly, whose perception of a concealed narra-

tive embedded in the text led to a minute inspection of the typography, its errors and eccentricities. This should be a hint and encouragement to those who are easily damped and discouraged by ridicule and hostile criticism—"He laughs longest who laughs last."

Bacon, when he was young, probably suffered much more than any of us are able to realise from the pricks and stings of ignorant critics, for his temperament was shy and sensitive; and although, happily for us all, he had the courage of his own opinions, and the faith in God's support which enabled him to speak as he thought, still he must have undergone a great deal of which we know but little. Perhaps his private notes best reveal him preparing and drilling himself to face and endure such petty persecution. Human nature is the same in all ages, and Bacon notes that "Things *beyond* us are nothing to us." We should therefore strive to reach the things which are beyond, in order that we may be able to grasp their importance. We should also resolve to conquer the ungenerous, grudging spirit which would check honest work or modest efforts, by foolish and usually quite ignorant disparagement. This may be termed the hydropathic or cold-water treatment in literature, and those who practise it are often mere empirics, speaking as they wish, or for their own advantage, but from no superior knowledge.

Once more we exhort young students—Francis Bacon's "Sons of the Morning"—to heed neither *suppositions*, nor sneering remarks, nor anti-pathetic surmises based upon no sure foundations. The question is not settled because I say, *It is so;* or you say, *It is not so;* or he says, *It is quite absurd;* or she says that *she cannot understand it, and therefore of course it is untrue;* or even if "everybody" concludes the thing to be *quite impossible.*

There remains that we should look, examine, and prove beyond all dispute whether or no the things stated *are true.* In all cases true? If only in some cases, then in what do the analogies and the differences consist? We should collect numerous examples, compare and note resemblances and distinctions, habitual recurrences of certain features, or their rare or unique appearance. From such an accumulation of particulars we may at length arrive at satisfactory generalizations, and useful conclusions. Again and again we are reminded in such researches of Bacon's youthful note:—

"*Everything is subtile till it be conceived,*"

and of the twin sentiment in *Measure for Measure*,

"*All difficulties are easy when they are known.*"

The reproductions in the plate may not be absolutely accurate, some of the figures have been a little magnified; but success in copying is not now so much the object as to draw attention to certain definite particulars. Let them be drawn better, let many more be drawn and published, those who engage in this slight work will be astonished at the many other strange things to which, as they cultivate their powers of observation in this direction, their eyes will be opened. Those who haunt old libraries and bookstalls, and who *take written notes* of all that they find, will not finish such researches without sharing in the opinion wrung from an unwilling "Shakespearian" friend, that "there does seem to be something fishy about number eleven."

It will perhaps strike the inquirer that page 11 is from some cause or another frequently *unnumbered*. The *Dedication*, the *Address to the Reader*, or the *Table of Contents*, will often be arranged by some device (as by the introduction of blank pages) so as to absorb page 11, and to prevent the number from being printed. We have no explanation to offer of these things, but philosophy begins in wonder, and the first step towards knowledge is to know that there is something to be known.

C. M. P.

THE SHAKSPERE COAT OF ARMS.

Among the Ashmolean manuscripts deposited in the Bodleian library, at Oxford, is a tall folio volume consisting of twenty-three MSS. and papers, amounting to 221 leaves; of which number ix., on page 605 of the catalogue, is thus described.

"The answeres of Garter and Clarencieux, Kings of Arms to the scrowle of arms, exhibited by Raffe Brookesmouth, caled York Herauld," 50 a b.

The Indexer adds the following: "After a preliminary statement,

on the left hand of the paragraphs, are painted the arms, that 'foul-mouthed Brooke' (as he was called), had complained of to the Earl Marshal, and on the right hand margin the real coats that they were said to be like unto. One of the grants was to Shakspere. This sheet bears the following indorsement:—'XX. Jmo; Mar. 1601.' The answere of Mr. Garter and Mr. Clarencieux to ye informacon preferred by the rest of the Herrawldes against them for giving arms."—JOHN H. STOTSENBURG.

FOUNDATIONS.

IT is especially striking and noteworthy, that Bacon continually associates the idea of *foundations*, with his Instauration, and particularly the first part.

Indeed, the idea of architecture, of creation or building, is very visible throughout his prefaces and the work itself. For example, in the motives to his Instauration of Sciences we find:—"This one way remaineth that the business be wholly re-attempted with better preparations; and that be throughout an Instauration of Sciences and *Arts*, and of all human learning raised from *solid foundations*." We find this expression repeated in the confession of the Rosicrucian Fraternity of 1615, addressed to the Erudite of Europe. "Now concerning the first part, we hold that the meditations of our Christian father on all subjects, which, from the creation of the world, have been invented, brought forth, and propagated by human ingenuity, through God's revelation, or through the service of angels or spirits, or through the sagacity of understanding, or through the experience of long observations, are so great, that if all books should perish, and, by God's almighty sufferance all writings and all learning should be lost, *yet prosterity* will be able thereby to lay a *new foundation of sciences*, and to erect a new citadel of truth" (p. 88, "History of Rosicrucians." Waite). This is all thoroughly Baconian. It is exactly what Bacon promises that his system is to accomplish—viz., to "lay a new foundation of sciences. He terms himself the architect of the sciences, in the "Advancement of Learning." In chapter II. of the Confession, there is this curious passage:—"No other philosophy we have then that

which is the head of all the faculties, *sciences and arts*, the which (if we behold our age) containeth much of Theology and Medicine, but little of *Jurisprudence*" (p. 87, Waite's "Real Hist. Rosicrucians"). Is there no sly hint in this reference to *Jurisprudence*, to Bacon's profession—the science of law?—W. F. C. W.

LINKS IN THE CHAIN.

PART II.

THE monuments of wit and learning outlive tombs or monuments of brass, stone, or marble, with registers and gilded epitaphs. Pyramids, obelisks, and statues decay or are destroyed, but poetry is immortal. The poet is eternised in his verses, and endures like Homer in "books of living fame."

By Francis Bacon.

We see, then, how far the monuments of wit and learning are more durable than the monuments of power, or of the hands . . . the images of *men's wits and knowledges* remain in books, exempted from the wrong of time, and capable of perpetual renovation.—*Advt. of Learning* i.; *Spedding Works*, iii. 319.

"The *monuments of wit survive the monuments of power:* the verses of the Poet endure without one syllable lost, whilst states and empires pass many periods."—*Device of Philantia. Hermit's Speech.*

By "Shakespeare" (See forward *of Shakespeare;* Ben Jonson; Milton).

"*Not marble nor the gilded monuments*
Of princes, shall out-live this powerful rhyme;
But you shall shine more bright in these contents.
Than unswept stone, besmear'd with sluttish time.
When wasteful war shall statues overturn,
And broils root out *the mark of masonry,*
Nor mars his sword, nor war's quick fire shall burn
The *living record of your memory.*"—*Sonnet* lv.

"From hence your memory death cannot take . . .
Your *monument shall be my gentle verse,*
Which eyes not yet created shall o'er-read."—*Sonnet* lxxxi.

" And *thou in this shalt find thy monument*
When tyrant's crests, *and tombs of brass are spent.*"
—*Sonnet* cvii. and see lxiv., lxv.

Of Sir Philip Sidney.

" No monument has been erected over him; whereof this reason is assigned, a mean one would be unproportionable to his deserts. . . . But *he is his own monument, whose memorie is eternized in his writings.*" —*L. & D. of Sir Philip Sidney's Works*, 11*th Ed.*, 1662.

" However doom'd the book, the memorie
Of thy *immortal wit* shall never die."
—*W. Donne in Arcadia*, 1582, p. 8.

" In *books of living fame* enrolled bee."—*Ib. supplement.*

By Sir Philip Sidney.

" Though conquests . . . ruin all memory of learning . . . yet do *their poets remain even to this day.*"—*Defence of Poesie, id.*

By Ben Jonson.

" It is the muse alone can raise to heaven
And at her strong arms' end hold up and even
The souls she loves. Those other glorious notes
Inscribed in touch or *marble*, or the cotes
Painted or carv'd *upon our great men's tombs*,
Or in their windows; do but prove the wombs
That bred them, graves . . .
There, like *a rich and golden pyramid*
Borne up by *statues*, shall I rear your head
Above your under-carved ornaments
And show how, to the life, my soul presents
Your form impressed there."—*Forrest* xii.

" Lo, what my country should have done (have raisèd
An obelisk or column to thy name
Or, if she would but modestly have prais'd
Thy fact, *in brass or marble writ* the same)
I, that am glad of thy great chance here do !
And proud, *my work shall out-last common deeds*," &c.
—*Epigram* lx. *to Wm. Lord Mounteagle.*

" I am glad to see that time survive,
Where *merit is not sepulchred alive.*"
—*Epigram* lxiii. *to Robert Earl of Salisbury.*

Of Shakespeare.

" My Shakespeare rise—*Thou art a monument without a tomb,*
And art alive still while thy book doth live."
—*Ben Jonson, Underwoods* xiii.

" Reader, looke, not on his picture but his book . . .
(Thy poetry) shall rise
A glorified work to time, when fire
Or moths shall eat what all these fools admire."
—*Ib.* xiv.

Of Ben Jonson.

" Here lies Ben Jonson ! Every age will look
With sorrow here, and wonder at his book."
—*Jonsonibus Viribus. J. C.*

" *Thou, wrapt and shrined in thine own sheets will lie,*
A relic famed by all posteritie."—*Ib. Henry King.*
" For tombs being turf, who cannot *marble bring* . . .
To save his fame from that invader, Time."
—*Lord Falkland, ib.*

Of George Sandys.

" Well, thou hast raised *a pile, whose fabric stands*
Firm, till Time's glass hath run out all its sands."
—*Poetical Works of G. Sandys.*

By Sir Thomas Browne.

" At my death I mean to take a total adieu of the world, *not caring for a monument*, history, or epitaph; not so much as the bare memory of my name to be found anywhere, but in *the universal registry* of God. . . .

He that unburied lies wants not his hearse;
For unto him a tomb's the universe." *
—*Rel. Med.* xli. p. 62.

" To extend our memories by monuments . . . whose duration we cannot hope, . . . were a contradiction to our beliefs. . . . Our fathers find their graves in our short memories, and sadly tell us how we may be buried in our survivors. . . . Who can but pity the founder of the *pyramids?* Herostratus lives, that burnt the temple of Diana; he is almost lost that built it . . . and Thersites

*Comp. Sir Christopher Wren's Epitaph—"Si Monumentum requiris circumspice."

is like to live as long as Agamemnon, without the favour of the everlasting register. . . . The man of God lives longer without a tomb than any by one; . . . *Pyramids*, *Arches*, *Obelisks* were but the irregularities of vain-glory . . . the Christian religion . . . humbly pursuing that infallible perpetuity unto which all others must diminish their diameters. . . . To subsist in lasting monuments, to live in their productions, to exist in their names, was large satisfaction to old expectations, but to live indeed is to be again ourselves, which is not only a hope but an evidence in noble believers."—*Hydriotaphia, or Urn Burial.*

"Grateful minds . . . write not their obligations in sandy, but *marble memories*, which wear not out but with themselves."—*Christian Morals*, Sect. xvii.

Of Du Bartas.

"Since the death of the author (if at least it be safe to say those men are dead, *who ever survive in their living monuments*), I have carefully fetch'd together all the dispersed issue of that divine *Wit*," &c.—*Printer to the Reader, in Works of Du Bartas.*

By "Robert Burton."

"(Friends) not only living, but when their friends are dead, with *tombs and monuments, epitaphs, elegies . . . pyramids, obelisks, statues*; . . . they will still omit no good office that may *tend to the preservation of their names, honours and eternal memory.* 'He did express his friends in . . . *brass*, in ivory, *marble*, gold and silver.' . . . Paulus Jovius, in Book iv. of the Life of Pope Leo X., concludes in these words: 'Since my fortunes will not give me leave to make a more *sumptuous monument*, I will perform those rites to his sacred ashes which a small but liberal *wit* can afford.'"—*An. Mel.*, ii. 453, *quoting Plato and Pliny.*

By J. Milton.

"And here let those
Who boast in mortal things, and wondering tell
Of Babel, and the works of Memphian kings,
Learn how *their greatest monuments of fame*
And strength and art are easily outdone."
—*Par. Lost*, Bk. 1, 695.

"What needs my Shakespeare, for his honour'd bones—
The labour of an age in *piled stones?*
Or that his hallow'd relics should be hid
Under a star-ypointing *pyramid?*
Dear son of memory, great heir of fame,
What need'st thou such weak witness of thy fame?
Thou, in our wonder and astonishment,
Hast built thyself a living monument . . .
Then thou our fancy, of itself bereaving,
Dost make us *marble* with too much conceiving;
And, so *sepulchred*, in such pomp dost lie
That kings, for *such a tomb*, would wish to die."
—*Epitaph on Shakespeare, J. Milton.*

By Spenser.

"*Thy praise's everlasting monument*
Is in this verse engraven semblably,
That it may live to all posterity."
—*Sonnet to the Right Hon. Lord Charles Howard.*

"The Muses . . . nurses of nobility
And *registers of everlasting fame . . .*
Which gives them life that else would soon have died,
And crowns their ashes with immortal bays."
—*Sonnet to the Right Hon. Earl of Northumberland.*

"*Live, lord, for ever, in this lasting verse,*
That all posterity thy honour may rehearse."
—*Sonnet to the Right Hon. Lord Hunsdon.*

Of Pope.

"In this office of collecting my pieces, I am altogether uncertain, whether to look upon myself as *a man building a monument*, or burying the dead."—*Pref. to Pope's Works*, 1716.

By ———

"But whence this *Barber?*—that a name so mean
Should, joined with Butler's, on a tomb be seen:
This pyramid would better far proclaim
To future ages humble Settle's name."
—*Epitaph on Butler's Monument.*

"This weeping *marble* had not ask'd thy tear . . .
The living virtue now had shone."
—*Epitaph on Edmund Duke of Buckingham.*

By Donne.

"Death bars reward and shame, when envy's gone, . . .
As then the wise Egyptians wont to lay
More on their *tombs* than houses; these of clay,
But those of *brass or marble* were."—*Anatomy of the World.*

"Vouchsafe to call to mind that God did make
A last, a lasting'st piece, *a song* . . .
Which, when I saw that a strict grave could do,
I saw not why verse might not do so too.
Verse hath a middle nature; Heaven keeps souls,
The grave keeps bodies, *verse the Fame enrolls.*"
—*Funeral Elegy.*

"'Tis loss to trust a tomb with such a guest (the Muse),
Or to confine her *in a marble chest*," &c.—*Elegy.*

"Here needs no marble tomb, since he is gone,
He, and about him his, are turned to stone."
—*Funeral Elegy.*

By Parnell.

"The flat smooth stones that bear a name,
The chisel's slender help to fame . . .
The *marble* tombs that rise on high,
Whose dead in vaulted arches lie,
Whose pillars swell with sculptured stones,
Arms, angels, epitaphs, and bones;
These, all the poor remains of state,
Adorn the rich, or praise the great:
Who, while on earth *in fame they live*,
Are senseless of the fame they give."
—*Night-piece on Death.*

Of Richard Hooker.

"*His own works commend him* in the gates, and, being dead, he yet speaketh. . . . God grant that those three (*parts of his work*) promised to perfect his *Politie*, with other issues of that *learned brain, be not buried in the grave with their renowned father.*"—*Divine Tractates: To the Reader.* (*Richard Hooker*, 1632.)

Of John Cleveland.

"After many stages, which contended as emulously for his abode as the seven cities for Homer's birth, Gray's Inn was his last. . . . And now there wanteth nothing but a *monument* for him, and *in this*

book he hath erected one to himself which envy may repine at, but cannot reach."—*Life, after Epistle signed F. L. and S. D. Edn.*, 1677.

Of George Sandys.

"Tell me not then that *pyramids* disband
And drop to dust; that Time's ungentle hand
Has crush'd into an undigested mass
And heaps of ruins, obelisks of *brass*;
That our perfidious tombs . . . decay—
His memory . . . embalm'd, a relique be
To be adored by all posterity."—*In Phillpot's Poems.*

"Well, thou has rais'd a pile whose fabric stands
Firm till Life's glass hath run out all its sands."
—*From Ashmole MS.* 47, *No.* 180.

"Nor may you fear the poet's common lot,
Read and commended, and then quite forgot.
The *brazen* mines and *marble* rocks shall waste
When your foundation will, unshaken, last . . .
'Tis Fame's best pay, that you your labours see
By their immortal subject crowned be
For ne'er was author in oblivion hid
Who firm'd his name on such a *pyramid*."—*Henry King.*

Of Cowley.

"*His works shall live when pyramids of pride*
Shrink to such ashes as they long to hide . . .
There let his urn remain; for it was fit
Amongst our kings to lay the king of *wit*
By which the structure more renown'd will prove
For that part burr'd than for all above."
—*Roger Boyle, Earl of Orrery.*

He has given the world the best image of his mind in these immortal monuments of his wit.

Of John Florio.

"Wherein the power of princes well is seen
That can infuse such force, and make age green.
And it were well if in this season when
They leaving erecting churches, colleges,
And *pious monuments, they would build men*
Who of their glory may be witnesses,
And what they do be theirs; as masons raise
Works, not for them, but for their Master's praise.

For would they but be pleased to know how small
A portion of that ever-flowing waste
Which runs from them would turn the wheels and all
The frame of wit to make their glory last,
I think they would do something."
—*Pref. to World of Words.*

Michael Drayton.

"Do, pious *marble*, let thy readers know
What they and what their children owe
To Draiton's name, whose sacred dust
I recommend unto thy trust.
Protect his *mem'ry*, and preserve his story,
Remain a lasting monument of his glory;
And when thy ruin shall disclaim
To be the treasurer of his name;
His name that cannot die shall be
An everlasting monument to thee."
—*Epitaph in Westminster Abbey.*

Isaac Casaubon.

"Qui nosse vult Casaubonum,
Non Saxa sed Chartas legat
Superfuturas Marmori
Et profuturas posteris."—1614.
Of Drummond of Hawthornden.

"*Fame* courts his verse, and with immortal wings
Hovers about his *monument*, and brings
A deathless trophy to his memory.
Who for such honour would not wish to die?"
—*Ed. Phillips.*

FRANCIS BACON'S "SETTLED NOTIONS."

FROM time to time we find, in studying the life and character of Francis Bacon, allusions to the "fixed ideas" or strong original theories which so possessed him as to be with him through life, influencing his actions, his writings, and his whole system of philosophy,—ideas which, if not in any strict sense "original," are yet to be recognised as truly "Baconian." It does not appear that any pains have been taken to trace out and define the dominant ideas to

which Dr. Rawley alludes as "*grounds and notions from within himself*," "*settled and concocted notions*," to be distinguished from "*knowledge drawn from books only.*"

It may be useful to attempt a collection of these settled notions of Bacon's; we shall thus learn much about the man himself, and the principles which guided him through life. We may also gain some clear perception of what is meant by Baconian philosophy, and the wisest amongst us will lose nothing by recapitulating and dwelling upon some of the greatest thoughts of our great teacher.

It is, in the first place, impossible not to perceive that the whole of Bacon's system of philosophy was based upon a deep and searching study into the "Books of God"—the Bible and Nature. "Let no man," he says, "upon a weak conceit of sobriety, or an ill-applied moderation, think or maintain that a man can search too far, or be too well studied in the book of God's works—Divinity and Philosophy; but rather let men endeavour an endless progress or proficience in both; only let men beware that they apply both to charity, and not to swelling; to use, not to ostentation; and again, that they do not unwisely mingle or confound these learnings together."* Elsewhere he quotes the authority of our Lord Himself as to the use of God's two books. "*For*," saith our Saviour, "*you err, not knowing the Scriptures nor the power of God*"; laying before us two books or volumes to study . . . first, the Scriptures revealing the will of God, and then the creatures expressing His power."† Again, in the *Aphorisms on the Composition of a Primary, Natural, and Experiment History*,‡ he says: "I want this primary history to be compiled with a most religious care, as if every particular were stated upon oath; seeing that it is the book of God's works, and (so far as the majesty of heavenly things may be compared with the humbleness of earthly things) a kind of second Scripture."

In some "verses made by Mr. Francis Bacon," we read of "the man of life upright," that

"He makes the heaven(s) his book, his wisdom heavenly things."

And in that private prayer (composed at the time of his fall in 1621) which after his death was found amongst his papers, and which

* *Advt. L.* i. † *Inst. Nat. Circ.*, 1663. ‡ *Parasceve.*

Addison quoted as resembling the devotion of an angel rather than a man, we read:—"Thy creatures have been my books, but Thy Scriptures much more. I have sought Thee in the courts, fields, and gardens, but I have found Thee in Thy temples."

Here, then, is one of Bacon's great thoughts, which accompanied him through life: that *there are two Books of God*—"the Book of the Bible showing forth His will, and the Book of Nature showing His works,' and that *it is man's duty to study both.* But the Book of Nature was, in Bacon's time, unstudied in connection with the Bible, and when he was a mere boy he discovered the emptiness or insufficiency of all the teaching which was at that time imparted under the imposing name of philosophy. "Whilst he was commorant in the University, about sixteen years of age, . . . he first fell into the dislike of the philosophy of Aristotle; not for the worthlessness of the author, to whom he would ever ascribe high attributes; but for the unfruitfulness of the way; being a philosophy (as his lordship used to say) only strong for disputations and contentions, but barren for the production of works for the benefit of the life of man; in which mind he continued till his dying day."*

From this short passage we can glean three more of Bacon's fixed notions—namely, that the object of study is to benefit the human race, and to produce practical good; that the studies of young men like himself did not tend to this practical result, or to any "advancement in learning"; that the excessive admiration of Aristotle had led to this failure in education, and to "the binding of men's minds with prejudgment and with (often unwarrantable) authority, for "*nothing supposed complete is ever advanced.*"†

The depravity and miseries of mankind weighed heavily upon the mind of Francis Bacon, and we find him trying to trace their causes, and to devise some grand scheme for their cure or alleviation. He goes back to the beginning of things as figured in the Bible story: "Man, by the fall, fell at the same time from his state of innocency, and from his dominion over creation. Both of these losses, however, can even in this life be repaired; the former by religion and faith, the latter by arts and sciences. For creation was not by the curse made altogether and for ever a rebel, but in virtue of that charter,

* Rawley's Life of F. B. † *Nov. Org.* i. 86; comp. *Ib.* i. 77, 84.

"*In the sweat of thy face thou shalt eat bread*," it is now by various labours (not certainly by disputations . . . but by various labours) at length and in some measure subdued to the supplying of man with bread; that is, *to the uses of human life*."

In this passage we again see an allusion to the two Books of God —religion and faith allied to arts and sciences, or natural philosophy. Men were trying their best to put asunder those whom God had joined together; but Francis Bacon would not have it so—true religion and true science were for ever united, and when hand in hand, will for ever aid to advance knowledge for the benefit of the human race. Universal knowledge Bacon considers to be typified by Pan, who sprang from the Word of God . . . and from the seeds of things mixed together; he is the offspring of the Divine Word through the medium of confused matter (which itself was the work of God) and with the help of sin, and, by sin, corruption entering in."* The *universality* of knowledge (drawn from the Word of God and from the confused matter, which was also the work of God) is another strong point with Bacon, and one to which he continually recurs.

The question was, how to win for the benefit of humanity this universal knowledge; how to secure it when won, so that it should never be lost to succeeding ages; how to present it to a world grossly ignorant and debased, as he perceived it to be, so that the knowledge imparted should be easily received, welcomed, and made profitable.

To begin with, there must be Method, which he places in Logic, and as a part of Judgment. Method is material not only to the *use* of knowledge, but also to its *progression*, and it should ensure that the knowledge shall be delivered "as a thread to be spun upon," and, if possible, "in the same method wherein it was invented; and so is it possible of knowledge induced" (inductive science). But there is also *an enigmatical method*, whose object is "to remove the vulgar capacities from being admitted to the secrets of knowledges, and to reserve them to selected auditors, or wits of such sharpness as can pierce the veil."† There is also the method of instruction by aphorisms drawn from the pith or heart of the sciences, and by analogies, comparing all things in the material world with things in the spiritual world. These methods are the same which we find

* *De Aug.* ii. 12. † *Advt. L.* ii.

advocated in the Rosicrucian tracts, and followed at the present time by the Freemasons in their highest degrees.

"The architecture of the whole frame, and the several beams and columns thereof," belongs, Bacon says, to this part of knowledge concerning Method; and when we come to the smallest details and subdivisions of labour connected with the erection of his great House of Wisdom, we find still the same methodical system, the same order which he (as well as later "authors") declares to be heaven's first law, by this all-pervading order in the universe the Great Creator connecting all things, all men, all events, as it were, "with a chain of adamant." "It is a matter of common discourse of the chain of sciences how they are linked together."* "Natural causes are the chain which draws after it births and durations and deaths of all things."† "When the mind of man beholdeth the chain of causes confederate and linked together, it must needs fly to Providence and Deity."‡ In the same strain (but speaking of the particulars in nature which draw individuals into species, species into genera, and genera into unity) he says that "the famous chain of Homer (that is, the chain of natural causes) was said to be fastened to the foot of Jupiter's throne; and we see that no one has handled metaphysics, and the eternal and immovable in nature, and withdrawn his mind for awhile from the invariable succession of things, without falling at once on natural theology; so easy and near a passage is it from the top of the pyramid (of sciences) to things divine."§

He goes farther, and declares poetry to be of all things nearest to theology, and the greatest aid to man in mingling earth with heaven, and bringing down sublime ideas to the level of human comprehension. "As for narrative poesy—or heroical, if so you like to call it (understanding it of the matter, and not of the verse)—the foundation of it is truly noble, and has a special relation to human nature. For, as the sensible world is inferior in dignity to the rational soul, poesy seems to bestow upon human nature those things which history denies, and to satisfy the mind with shadows of things, when the substance cannot be obtained. For, if the matter be attentively considered, a sound argument may be drawn from poesy to show that there is agreeable to the spirit of a man a more ample greatness, a

* *Interp. Nat.* † *Ess. Pan.* ‡ *Ess. Atheism.* § *De Aug.* ii. 13.

more perfect order, a more beautiful variety, than it can anywhere (since the Fall) find in nature."*

It would seem strange, almost incomprehensible, that so little comment should have been made upon the high place assigned by Francis Bacon to poetry and the dramatic art, were we not becoming daily more convinced that it was part of his method and part of the obligations of his disciples and "invisible brotherhood" to conceal him as the poet and theologian that he was, and to put him forward as a statesman, lawyer, and courtier which he desired not to be. As an *inductive* philosopher, he was to be allowed a place, but his *deductive* philosophy (which possibly he felt to be still incomplete, and which at all events was far in advance of his day) was to be held back until the "ripeness of the time." His praise of the theatre as *of excellent use if well directed* will be found in the *De Augmentis* ii. 13. In the English original of that book, which would be likely to reach beyond the circle of his own sons of science, that passage is excluded, yet we find the gist of it throughout the writings which will some day be attributed to his youthful pen. His matured expressions are of as much weight now as when they were written.

"Dramatic poesy, which has the theatre for its world, would be of excellent use *if well directed*, for the stage is capable of no small influence both of discipline and corruption. Now, of corruptions of this kind we have enough; but the discipline has in our times been plainly neglected. And though in modern states play-acting is esteemed but as a toy, except when it is too satirical and biting, yet among the ancients it was used as a means of educating men's minds to virtue. Nay, it has been regarded by learned men and great philosophers as a kind of musician's bow by which men's minds may be played upon; and certainly it is most true, and one of the great secrets of nature, that the minds of men are more open to impressions and affections when many are gathered together than when they are alone."

Among his early notes in the *Promus* are several which hint the thought—elsewhere plainly expressed—that things *seen* approach the mind through the affections, but things *heard* require sufficient intellect to follow and reason them out. "*The eye is the gate of the*

* *De Aug.* ii. 13.

affections, but the ear is the gate of understanding." * Everywhere he gives us to understand that the "delivery of knowledge" (or *teaching*) should be adapted according to the capacities of the "receivers" or pupils, and that the rude and uncultivated are more easily taught or influenced by what they see than by anything which they hear. To produce "shadows" of things, "pictures," "paintings," and "images of things," when the substance cannot be presented, is to be the aim of the rhetorician; but for those who cannot follow the thread of orations or verbal instruction, the method of teaching by the eye, by living pictures, is the more useful and effective as being the more striking to the senses, and through them to the affections and passions of man—

"The play's the thing
By which I'll catch the conscience of the king."

The drama then was, in Bacon's estimation, no "toy" or light trifle; it was part of his method, and an important first step to an end. By its means the lowest and most ignorant should be taught something which they would not easily forget, for their senses should be impressed and such intellect as they might possess be quickened and exercised for good. And here comes in another ruling idea of Bacon's, that it is the intellect of man which makes him superior to the beasts; that the less a man is endued with the intellectual faculties, with powers of reasoning and cogitating, the more he tends to earth and to partake of the brute beast in his nature, whilst the more he cultivates and elevates his reason the more must he resemble the angels in faculty, and the nearer will he approach to the image of God in which he was created. These thoughts pervade the whole Baconian literature, and hardly an important book will be found without such contrasts between man—beast, beast—devil; or, on the other hand, man—angel, man—God. We need hardly stop to remind readers of the many such allusions in *Hamlet* and *Timon of Athens*, and of their counterparts in the opening passage of the *Anatomy of Melancholy* and other places in that most Baconian work.

Degraded as the human race may be, it is yet capable of complete "restoration" to its original purity. Fallen though man may be

* *Promus* 1187.

from his first estate, he may, if he will, be by God's help, raised and provided with the means of rising higher. Bacon had an almost boundless confidence in the power, properly directed, of the mind of man. "*I can do all in the power of Him who comforteth me.*" "*The spirit of man is as the lamp of God, wherewith He searcheth the inwardness of secrets.*" With such texts as these he cheered himself and others, showing that "if such be the capacity and receipt of the mind of man, there is no danger at all in the proportion or quantity of knowledge, lest it should make the mind swell or out-compass itself." But there must be with the knowledge a "corrective spice" against the venom of conceit which is the cause of swelling, and this corrective which "maketh knowledge so sovereign is charity; . . . for *knowledge bloweth up, but charity buildeth up. . . . If I spake with the tongues of men and angels, and had not charity, it were but as a tinkling cymbal.*" He continually returns to the subject of "*charity*," or love of man for love of God, which (again quoting the apostle) he says "*fulfils the law.*" The great stress laid upon this point is one of the many particulars in which we are reminded of the doctrines and charges of Masonry.

Upon this point hinges nearly all the practical working of Bacon's method for raising and benefitting the human race. His plans were designed to include not some but all, and as the majority are poor, weak, and ignorant, those who would aid them must begin by descending almost to their level. The lowest degree of Masonry is all inclusive, and we shall not go far into the study of Bacon's proposed system of "building up" without remarking his cautions against flying over the heads of those whom we would instruct or reform.

> "Those that do teach young babes
> Do it with gentle means and easy tasks,"

and so would he have it, with his poor, ignorant children of a larger growth.

Immense pains and infinite patience were needed for the work, large-hearted kindness and toleration to make due allowance for diversities of natures and dispositions in men the mingled yarn of good and evil of which we are all composed; and because none are too learned to be able yet to learn, and none but idiots so dull as to be unteachable, none so evil but that they are capable of being made

better, none so suffering or miserable but that they may be helped and made happier. Bacon considered that if men desired so to teach and so to help, and yet failed in their aims, the fault must lie in their *methods* and in their ignorance of human nature. This he insists is a study of itself, and one of the noblest which can be undertaken; it is a study which a man must begin by a profound introspection, or contemplation of his own self. For *man is a microcosm, the whole world in himself*, and only by true self-examination can he arrive at a knowledge of the mind and capabilities, the needs and failings of others. The most minute investigation of a man's personal experiences, of his feelings, passions, virtues and vices, must be attempted; for "one who philosophises rightly and in order should *dissect nature* and not abstract her, and they who will not dissect are obliged to abstract." Doubtless it will be within the power of students to follow the precise manner in which, first as a very young man and afterwards at various periods of his life, Francis Bacon may be seen thus dissecting or anatomising himself as a preliminary aid to his more extensive study of mankind in general. For "from particulars we ascend to generals," and we know that he never spoke strongly excepting from experience, nor advocated that which he did not attempt to practise or perform.

That the world would be "restored," revived, benefitted by his methods, he was fully convinced; but that he would not live to see such a restoration he was equally persuaded. The process must be a slow one, and must follow the laws of nature. "Woorke when God woorkes," he writes in his early notes, and we learn everywhere from his mature writings his ideas of "How God in all His creatures works" with order, method, law, persistency, without noise, hurry, or impatience, but staying the ripeness of the time, for "ripeness is all," and

"Things *growing* are not ripe until their season."

X.

TIMON OF ATHENS.

IN about 1607-8 appeared in London the plays of *Timon of Athens* and *Coriolanus*. Both plays portray misanthropy and hate. As a hater of men, *Timon* excepted none; as a hater of his countrymen, *Coriolanus* forgave none. Both plays teach the folly and ruin of pride and self-love, the hollowness of flattery and ceremony. *Timon*, as a professed misanthrope, probably represents the author's best efforts in the delineation of such a character.

This play is full of wisdom. From the first scene we get the prodigal expenditures of *Timon* and the lessons of economy and prudence. Francis Bacon wrote an essay, "Of Expense," in which he says, "He that is plentiful in expense of all kinds will hardly be preserved from decay." *Timon* is a forcible illustration of this fact.

Apemantus, the churlish philosopher, says:—

> "Like *madness* * is the *glory* of this life;
> We *make ourselves fools* to disport ourselves,
> And spend our *flatteries* to drink those men
> Upon whose age we void it up again,
> With poisonous spite and envy."

Bacon seems to teach the same:—

"*Glorious men* are the scorn of wise men; the admiration of *fools;* the idols of *parasites;* the slaves of their own vaunts."—*Of Vain Glory.*

Foreseeing the inevitable ruin which followed lavish expenditure, and the desertion by flattering followers, Apemantus continues:—

> "Men shut their door against a *setting sun.*"

And Bacon, writing "Of Friendship," quotes from Pompey:—

"For that more men adored the sun rising than the *sun setting.*"

The poet, one of the hypocritical admirers of *Timon's* generous character, cannot withhold his rebuke:—

> "When we *for recompense have praised the vile,*
> *It stains the glory* in that happy verse
> Which aptly sings the good."

* Italics are the writer's, to direct the reader to the words and thoughts, apparently identical in *Timon* and in the *Essays.*

And Bacon gives the same "counsel":—

"Riches gotten by service, though it be of the best, rise; yet when they are gotten *by flattery, feeding humours*, and other servile conditions, they may be placed *amongst the worst.*"

The stranger, speaking of the treatment accorded to *Timon*, exclaims:—

> "Why, this is the world's soul; and just of the same piece
> Is every flatterer's spirit. *Who can call him*
> *His friend that dips in the same dish?* For, in
> My knowing, Timon has been this lord's father,
> And kept his credit with his purse;
> Supported his estate: nay, Timon's money
> Has paid his men their wages: he ne'er drinks
> But Timon's silver treads upon his lip:
> And yet,—O see the monstrousness of man
> When he looks out in an ungrateful shape!"

And yet, in spite of the resolution to hate everyone of human kind, *Timon* is overcome by the devotion of his faithful servant Flavius, and exclaims:—

> "I do proclaim
> One honest man,—mistake me not,—but one;
> No more, I pray,—*and he's a steward.*"

How in accord is this with Bacon's view as expressed in his essay "Of Followers and Friends":—

There is little friendship in the world, *and least of all between equals*, which was wont to be magnified. That which is, *is between superior and inferior*, whose fortunes may comprehend the one the other.

Timon cannot buy the love of the people by gifts and prodigality. The severity of the lesson is known by the results. He realises the heartlessness of society, the fickleness of friends, the folly of self-distinction. He judges the race by his own parasitical followers, and resolves:—

> "I am *misanthropos*, and hate mankind."

Remembering the diplomacy of his prosperous days, he tells Alcibiades:—

"*Promise* me friendship, but *perform* none: if thou wilt not

promise, the gods plague thee, for thou art a man. If thou dost *perform*, confound thee, for thou art a man."

And as the poet and painter stand before *Timon's* cave discussing the most diplomatic approach and interview, the painter begins:—

Painter. " . . . Therefore 'tis not amiss we tender our loves to him in this supposed distress of his. . . ."

Poet. "What have you now to present unto him?"

Painter. "Nothing at this time but my visitation: only I will *promise* him an excellent piece."

Poet. "I must serve him so too; tell him of an *intent* that's coming toward him."

Painter. "Good as the best. *Promising* is the very air of the time; it opens the eyes of *expectation*. . . . *To promise* is most courtly and fashionable: *performance* is a kind of will or testament which argues a great sickness in his judgment that makes it."

How like what Bacon says "Of Seditions":—

"Certainly, the politic and artificial nourishing and entertaining of *hopes*, and carrying men *from hopes to hopes*, is one of the best antidotes against the poison of discontentments, and it is a certain sign of a wise government and proceeding when it can hold men's hearts *by hopes* when it cannot *by satisfaction*."

Apemantus, in *Timon's* glorious days, is disgusted with insincere courtesy and politeness, and says:—

> "That there should be small love 'mongst these sweet knaves,
> And all this *courtesy*. The strain of man's bred out
> Into baboon and monkey."

He further says that—

> "Honest *fools* lay out their wealth on *courtesies*."

And in continued advice to *Timon* he asks:—

> "We needs these feasts, pomp, and vain-glories?"

Timon, too, in his efforts to put his guests at ease, philosophizes on formality:—

> "Nay, my love, *ceremony* was but devised at first
> To set a gloss on faint deeds, hollow welcomes,
> Recanting goodness, sorry ere 'tis shown;
> But where there is true friendship, *there needs none*."

But in his weakness he fails to act on his own good utterances, and, sycophant-like, continues:—

> "Pray sit: more welcome are ye to my fortunes
> Than my fortunes to me."

To put these sentiments into plain prose we can do no better than to quote from Bacon's "Of Ceremonies and Respects":—

"Not to use *ceremony* at all is to teach others not to use them again, and so diminisheth respect to himself, especially they be not to be omitted to strangers and formal natures; but the dwelling upon them, and exalting them above the moon, is not only tedious, but doth *diminish the faith and credit of him that speaketh.*"

Considering *Timon* as an example, we find verified Bacon's "counsel":—

"Men have need beware how they be too perfect in *compliments;* for, be they never so sufficient otherwise, their enviers will be sure to give them that attribute, to the *disadvantage of their greater virtues.*"

The central thought in *Timon's* life is the abomination of ingratitude. Before the hours of calamity, the poet tells us:—

> "When Fortune, in her shift and change of mood,
> Spurns down her late beloved, all his dependents,
> Which laboured after him to the mountain's top,
> Even on their knees and hands, let him slip down,
> Not once accompanying his declining foot."

Apemantus sees treachery everywhere, and says:—

> "Great men should drink with harness on their throats."

And asks the question:—

> "Who dies that bears not one *spurn* to their graves
> Of their *friends'* gift?
> I should fear those that *dance* before me now
> Would one day *stamp* upon me: 't has been done."

The faithful steward Flavius, grieved for his master's approaching ruin, cries out:—

> "What will this come to?
> . . . . . .
> Happier is he that has *no* friend to feed
> Than such that do *e'en enemies exceed.*"

And he reproves his lord touchingly:—

"Ah! when the means are gone that buy this praise,
The breath is gone whereof this praise is made."

Flaminius turns upon Lucullus in burning indignation:—

"Let molten coin be thy damnation,
Thou *disease* of a friend, and *not himself.*"

The stranger, bound by no prejudice of previous favours or friendship, sees the hard-heartedness of *Timon's* friends, and exclaims:—

"O see the monstrousness of man
When he looks out in an *ungrateful* shape."

Even a servant of the creditor Hortensius is impelled, by his sense of justice, to say:—

"I know my lord hath spent of *Timon's* wealth,
And now *ingratitude* makes it worse than *stealth.*"

And at last, when *Timon* is

"Flung in rage from this *ingrateful* seat
Of *monstrous friends*,"

Flavius looks upon him with pitiful devotion:—

"What viler thing upon the earth than *friends*
Who can bring noblest minds to *basest ends!*
How rarely does it meet with this times guise
That man was wished to love his *enemies!*
Grant I may ever love, and rather woo
Those that *would* mischief me, than *those that do.*"

In this we are reminded of Bacon's reference to Cosmos, Duke of Florence, in the essay "Of Revenge":—

"Cosmos, Duke of Florence, had a desperate saying against perfidious or *neglecting friends*, as if those wrongs were unpardonable. 'You shall read,' saith he, 'that we are commanded to forgive our *enemies*, but you never read that we are commanded to forgive our *friends.*'"

Nor did *Timon* forgive his perfidious friends; as the Athenian senators seek audience with him, in Athen's distress, he addresses them:—

"Speak and be hanged:
For each true word *a blister! and each false*
Be as a cauterizing to the root of the *tongue*,
Consuming it with speaking."

Which reminds one of the essay "of Praise," where we find quoted "that a *blister* will rise upon one's *tongue* that *tells a lie.*"

But the climax of Timon's misanthrophy is in the unceremonious rejection of all overtures, and in his reply:—

> "I *have a tree* that grows here in my close,
> That mine own use invites me to cut down,
> And shortly must I fell it: tell my friends,
> Tell Athens, in the sequence of degree,
> From high to low throughout, that whoso please
> To stop affliction, let him take his halter,
> Come hither, ere my tree hath felt the axe,
> And *hang himself.*"

This incident seems to give rise to Bacon's reference, in his essay "Of Goodness," to

"Misanthropi, that make it their practice to bring men to the bough, and yet *have never a tree* for the purpose in their gardens, as *Timon* had."

Timon is worthy a lawyer's study. He is in the bonds of usurers. His lands are mortgaged. His debts are overdue, and payment is pressed under *penalty of forfeiture. Timon* realises that with men of business

> "Policy sits above conscience."

Alcibiades, too, addresses the senate in behalf of his friend who, under riotous impulse, has killed a companion. Personal bravery, valiant service for his country, the prestige of Alcibiades' high place in the counsels of Athens, all fail to touch the hearts of the senate. Alcibiades pleads mercy, and the law of equity:—

> "For *pity* is the *virtue* of the law,
> And none but *tyrants* use it cruelly."

And again:—

> "To kill, I grant, is sin's extremest gust;
> But, *in defence*, by mercy, 'tis most *just.*
> To be in anger is impiety;
> But who is man that is not angry?
> *Weigh but the crime with this.*"

Furthermore, to add weight to his plea for mercy, he directs attention to his own great service for his country:—

"I'll *pawn* my victories, all
My honours to you, upon his good returns."

At least they should be content that his life be spent on the field of battle:—

"If by this crime he *owes the law* his life,
Why, let the war receive it in valiant gore."

All in vain! relentless and immovable are the senators:—

"Nothing emboldens sin so much as *mercy*.
——— the *law shall bruise him*—
——— you breathe in vain.
You cannot make *gross sins look clear*."

And with insolence is Alcibiades repelled by those whom he besought in vain:—

"We are for LAW, he dies; urge it no more,
On height of our displeasure: friend or brother,
He *forfeits his own blood that spills another*."

It is no wonder that *Timon* says:—

"Religious canons, *civil laws*, are CRUEL";

that he refers to lawyers who

"May never more false title *plead*,
Nor count their *quillets* shrilly";

that he believes

"The *laws*, your *curb and whip*, in their rough power,
Have unchecked theft."

This high-minded conception of law, as pleaded by Alcibiades justice tempered with mercy, in contrast with the rigorous enforcement of the law regardless of equity, is clearly expressed in Bacon's "Of Judicature":—

"'There be' (saith the Scriptures), 'that turn judgment into wormwood;' and surely there be also that turn it into vinegar, for *injustice* maketh it *bitter*, and *delays* make it *sour*.

"Judges must beware of *hard constructions* and strained inferences; for there is no worse torture than the *torture of laws;* specially in case of laws *penal*, they ought to have care that that which was meant for terror be not turned into rigour.

"Therefore let penal laws . . . be by wise judges *confined* in the execution.

"In causes of life and death judges ought in *justice* to remember *mercy*.

"Judges ought above all to remember the conclusion of the Roman Twelve Tables: *Salus populi suprema lex;* and to know that laws, except they be in order to that end, are but *things captious*, and oracles *not well inspired*."

Just the law that Alcibiades wished to quote to the Athenian senators.

And what a pointed rebuke could he have quoted to them:—

"Patience and *gravity of hearing* is an essential part of *justice*, and an *overspeaking judge* is no well-tuned cymbal.

"And let no man weakly conceive that *just laws* and *true policy* have any antipathy.

"Let not judges also be so ignorant of their own right as to think there is not left to them, as a principal part of their office, a *wise use* and *application* of laws. For they may remember what the apostle saith of a greater law than theirs: *Nos scimus quia lex bona est, modo quis ea utatur legitime.*

In conclusion, observe the array of human passions and experiences in the play of *Timon*. It is like reading from the contents of Bacon's essays: "Of Revenge, Adversity, Simulation, Great Place, Boldness, Nobility, Counsel, Friendship, Expense, Suspicion, Riches, Ambition, Custom, Fortune, Usury, Followers and Friends, Suitors, Ceremonies and Respects, Praise, Vain Glory, Honour and Reputation, Judicature, Anger, and Vicissitude of Things."

Considering such remarkable identity of thought and purpose, one is led to conclude that the author of the *Essays* also wrote *Timon of Athens*. Is there any period in Bacon's life that would give rise to such misanthropy, such sickness of the world and human kind? If so, the probability is intensified almost to certainty.

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OBSERVATIONS ON THE DOCTRINES OF LIGHT AND SOUND.

By Francis Bacon and Shakespeare.

IN Bacon's "Topics of Enquiry respecting Light and Luminous Matter" in the *Novum Organum*, and in his *Natural History*, we read that—"Darkness and blackness are *privatives* . . . . sometimes they do contristate." That, "after great light, if you come suddenly out of the dark into a glaring light, the eye is dazzled for a time and the sight confused." Bacon also draws a parallel between light and knowledge: "The object of philosophy is threefold—God, nature, and man; as there are also three kinds of ray—direct, refracted, and reflected. For nature strikes the understanding with a ray direct; God (by reason of the unequal medium, viz., His creatures), with a ray refracted; man, as shown and exhibited to himself, with a ray reflected." *

Biron, in *Love's Labour's Lost*, shows the same knowledge as to darkness, contrast, and dazzling, and uses his knowledge in the same manner as Bacon, for the purpose of drawing a parallel between light and knowledge:—

> "Light seeking light doth light of light beguile:
> So, ere you find where light in darkness lies,
> *Your light grows dark with losing* of your eyes.
> Study me how to please the eye indeed
> By fixing it upon a fairer eye:
> Who *dazzling* so, that eye shall be his heed,
> And give him light that it was blinded by."
>
> —*Love's Labour's Lost*, i. 1.

When the king and Biron wrangle in hyperbolic praise of their mistresses, they adopt not only Bacon's science, but his highly metaphorical and antithetical style:—

* Mr. Spedding, after quoting Roger Bacon and St. James for parallels naturally suggested between light and knowledge, concludes: "But all these illustrations differ from that in the text, inasmuch as they relate to the different kinds of knowledge which appertain to different states of being, and *not to the differences which arise from the nature of the object.*"—Spedding, *Works*, i. 540.

Biron. "Who sees the lovely Rosaline
That, like a rude and savage man of Inde,
At the first opening of the gorgeous East,
Bows not his vassal head, and, *stricken blind*,
Kisses the base ground with obedient breast?
What peremptory eagle-sighted eye
Dare look upon the heaven of her brow,
That is not *blinded* by her majesty? . . .
No face is fair that is not full so black.

King. O paradox! Black is the badge of hell,
The hue of dungeons, and the scowl of night,
And beauty's crest becomes the heavens well . . .

Dumaine. Dark needs no candles now, for dark is light."
—*Ib.* iv. 3.

The contrasting of light with darkness is again alluded to in *Romeo and Juliet* (i. 2). Capulet invites Paris to meet at his house some lovely ladies whom he compares to "Stars that make *dark* heaven *light*"; and in another scene, where Juliet entreats Romeo to be gone, for "more light and light it grows," he seems in his reply to allude to the "contristation" of light and darkness:—

"More light and light! More dark and dark our woes."

The same thread of ideas runs through the passages, although sometimes the figure is changed, as in *Winter's Tale* (iii. 2): "*Your piety* doth make my deeds the blacker."

Of reflection, Bacon says, in his notes on light: "Observe what bodies reflect light as mirrors—waters, polished metals (&c.) . . . for the reflections of light are reflected again from mirror to mirror . . . Observe the *multiplication* of light by mirrors." So Brutus and Cassius in Julius Cæsar (i. 2):—

Brutus. "The eye sees not itself
But *by reflection, by some other things.*"

Cassius. 'Tis just,
And it is very much lamented, Brutus,
That you have no such mirrors as will turn
Your hidden worthiness into your eye
That you might see your shadow . . .
And since *you cannot see yourself*
So well as by reflection, I, your glass,
Will modestly discover to you
That of yourself which you yet know not of."

In his *Natural History* (iii. 208, 210) Bacon inquires into the relations between light and sound: "It is generally known and observed that light and the object of sight move swifter than sound: . . . as *we see in thunder which is far off, while the lightning precedeth the crack a good space.*" "In great sounds the continuance (of the sound) is more than *momentany.*" Prospero asks Ariel (*Tempest*, i. 2):—

> "Hast thou, spirit, performed to every point the tempest
> that I bade thee?"
> *Ariel.* To every article.
> I boarded the king's ship: now on the beak,
> Now in the waist, the deck, in every cabin,
> I flamed amazement: sometimes I'd divide,
> And burn in many places: on the top-mast,
> The yards and bowsprit, would I flame distinctly,
> Then meet and join. Jove's *lightnings, the precursors*
> *Of the dreadful thunder-claps, more momentary*
> *And sight-outrunning were not;* the fire, and *cracks*
> Of sulphurous* roaring, the most mighty Neptune
> Seems to besiege, and make his bold waves tremble."

There we see how Bacon's sense of the "momentary" (or "momentany"), transitory nature of light is combined with his tendency to compare the analogies or affinities between light and sound, light and heat. The same reappears in a beautiful metaphor in *Midsummer Night's Dream*, where the brevity and evanescence of love is compared to that of sound as well as light, and where again the word "momentany" accompanies the image, as it does the aphorism. Lysander says of love, that it is

> "*Momentany as any sound* . . .
> *Brief as the lightning* in the collied night,
> That, in a spleen, unfolds both heaven and earth,
> And, ere a man hath power to say,—Behold!
> The jaws of darkness do devour it up:
> So quick bright things come to confusion." *M. N. D.* i. 2.

There is a still more remarkable illustration of the manner in which Bacon's experiments on the points of resemblance between

* "Some extraordinary and prodigious fiery winds are *sulphurous.*"—*Hist. of Winds* (Topics). "Yon *sulphurous* and thought-executing fires."—*Lear* iii. 2.

light and sound are turned into poetry in the Plays. He says (*Nat. Hist.* iii. 255—258): "Both of them (light and sound) do receive and carry exquisite and accurate differences; as of colours, figures, *motions*, distances, invisibles; and of articulate voices, tones, songs, and *quaverings* in audibles."

Again (*Nat. Hist.* ii. 111—113) we read: "There be two things pleasing to the sight . . . colours and order. *The pleasing of colour symboliseth with the pleasing of any single tone to the ear; but the pleasing of order doth symbolise with harmony* . . . And both these pleasures, that of the eye and that of the ear, are but the effects of equality, good proportion,* or correspondence, which are the causes of harmony. . . . Tones are not so apt to procure sleep as some other sounds: as the wind, the purling of water, humming of bees, a sweet voice of one that readeth, &c. . . . *Over much attention hindereth sleep. There be in music certain figures or tropes; almost agreeing* with the figures of rhetoric, and *with the affections of the mind* and other senses. First, *the division and quavering, which please so much in music, have an agreement with the glittering of light, as the moonbeams playing upon a wave.* Again, *sweetness in music hath an agreement* with the affections . . . and also with the taste."

In the following well-known passage the connection between the science and the poetry is too clear to require much comment. Harmony, colour, and light are shown to have mutual relation, and to be also connected with the sense of sweetness in taste or smell, and even with the sense of *touch*. All are found "agreeing with the affections of the mind and other senses." The glittering of moonlight is, in both passages, specified as an illustration of the "*motions*" of light, and its resemblance to the "quavering" or "quiring" of musical tones. In both passages the effects of music in arresting the *attention* is particularly noted. The moonlight sleeps. Diana must be awaked with a hymn:—

> "How sweet the *moonlight sleeps* upon this bank:
> Here will we sit, and let the sounds of music
> Creep in our ears: soft stillness and the night
> Become the *touches* of *sweet harmony*.

* "How *sour sweet* music is
When time is broke, and *no proportion* kept!
So is it with men's lives."—See *Rich. II.* v. 5, 41—49.

Sit, Jessica; look how the floor of heaven
Is thick inlaid with patines of bright gold.
There's not the smallest orb, which thou behold'st,
But *in his motion like an angel sings*,
Still quiring to the young-eyed cherubims;
Such harmony is in immortal souls;
But, whilst this muddy vesture of decay
Doth grossly close it in, we cannot hear it.
(*Enter musicians.*)
Come, ho! and *wake Diana with a hymn:*
With *sweetest touches* pierce your mistress' ear,
And draw her home with music.

Jessica. I am never merry when I hear sweet music.

Lorenzo. *The reason is, your spirits are attentive.*"

EDITORIAL NOTES.

We still receive numberless inquiries regarding the "Shakespeare" controversy, and as to how we "get over" this and that stumbling-block—*e.g.*, as to Bacon's character; that he was a money-loving man, a venal corrupt judge, cold-hearted, passionless; one who married for money—a sceptic with little or no religion, &c., &c. Seldom do we find that such interrogators have troubled themselves to read, however carelessly, the many replies which have been published to such charges. Let us again commend to these and similar objectors, Spedding's "Evenings with a Reviewer" (two vols. 8vo), published more than thirty years ago. We agree with this author that it is in vain to write and to controvert such calumnies if those who make them will not so much as read the replies made and the proofs offered. We are reminded of an old saying: Folly and Ignorance may ask in three lines questions which Wisdom and Learning may require thirty pages to answer. When all has been done, the same questions will be repeated as if nothing had ever been said or thought before on the subject.

Queries also abound concerning Dr. Owen's Cipher and why we have noticed it? In this we have merely acted according to the rules of fair dealing. A notice of Dr. Owen's work, written and attested by an eye-witness, was inserted. We would believe men to be true and

honest until they prove themselves otherwise, and, having ourselves been unable to be present at the process of deciphering, we attempt no opinion upon it. That one piece of writing should be so enfolded in another as to become completely concealed in it, is probably possible, and, by engrafting it, may have been designed to secure the ultimate claim of the author to the whole circle of works thus treated. This, however, is but guess-work. As to the stories evolved, if considered as genuine *history*, they are manifestly incorrect, and wide of the mark. Names seem to have been dragged in, and affixed to certain personages in a manner more or less arbitrary. Nevertheless, admitting imperfections, it would be absurd to lay down the rule that no subject should be mooted or discussed until it be perfectly mastered. True Baconians should not be over-sensitive to adverse comments, however churlish and unjust. We are living them down, and can well afford to bear them philosophically, for they are but the portion of all who strive to put forward new ideas. These are certain to be met with the chilling rebuke—"Hold thy peace"; but, as the fool wisely retorts, "I shall never begin if I hold my peace."

ANAGRAMS AND WORD CYPHERS.

Such of our readers as are interested in Anagrams and Ciphers will be amused with the following specimens: (1) A title-page; (2) an extract from a sermon. Into the first of these a sentence has been introduced somewhat after the system of the "Tau" Cipher, successfully worked out in Baconian books by Mrs. Henry Pott. The extract is on a different principle, and resembles the word-cipher of Mr. Donnelly.

These ingenious puzzles were constructed by Mr. J. B. Millet (Boston, U.S.A.) in order to confute the assertions made at the meeting of a Literary Society, as to the impracticability of introducing such concealed writings into ordinary text. It will aid our would-be decipherers if we mention that the extract from the sermon contains a charade and its solution. The correct deciphering will be given in the next number of Baconiana. We hope at the same time to be able to publish an article on the "Tau" Cipher, the means by which it can be read, and the discoveries already made by its means.

AN EXTRACT

From

A SERMON TO

Poets : BY *Prymme*

AND UPON

Public Clowns known also as

STAGE ⊢ PLAYERS ✝ ✝ ✝

IN

✝ *SAINT PAULS*

MDCXLIIII

"Primum, Heaven *F*orbidd that any unregenerate faithless poets, base enemy(es) to mankind, be spar'd. Secondum, that those imps and monstrous, aetheistakall stage players be mightily tortur'd, curst firstlings of Hell. The ripe sheevies of (our) Lord's harvest shall contain none. Be ye not fool(ish) gleaners but wise. Leave canker'd grains (to rot). They be Heretics. (The) Carrions nest is built of such.

"Abate no jot your zeal but count these unregenerate, Impious, perjur'd enemy(es) to their own salvation, as holy warnings from the Lord. As a father shields a wicked untaught son from the temptations of ewer'd wine, so may I do for thee. Marvel not that sin abounds. The tyranny of Satan father (of) lies has no terrors for those vile apostates who attend these plaies. Mongrel curs, willfull bloody murtherers unto their own selves. Good Saint(ed) Stephen gave a cue the ablest actor fears to follow on."

Pry*(sic)*mm*(sic)*e.

Vig. I.

Vig. II.